

THE TIMES PIANO CONTEST

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THE TIME

ROYAL QUEEN.

Coupons. perfect friend, my household
ful care making my home so dear
my work more pastime doth appear;
my fair face in my room be seen,
and the soft voice's music intervene,
Like melody itself the brain to clear
Of o'erworn tissue of thought's atmosphere
By gracious fancies where God's hand hath
been—
an cannot rise, or so I think, to heights
Where spirits pure as thine unconscious
move
that white Purity's exceeding lights
the grosser spirit's earthly strain reprove
the best angel of Jehovah's fights.
Oh, charm us anew with his whole armor—Love.
—Spectator.

UNAWARES.

When I was introduced to her, I was standing in the balcony of the swimming tank at Santa Cruz, watching the greenery yellow water beneath and the black human frogs awkwardly gamboling therein. I dislike being introduced to people at or in swimming tanks, but as Mrs. Richbody introduced her I had to be civil. (Mrs. Richbody has a very good cook—much better than the chef at the hotel where I am staying.)

So I found her a chair and we sat down. Out of the corner of my eye I saw her hitch her chair a little closer to mine as she adjusted her skirts. Like all the girls this season, she wears those abominable godets behind, that stick out like the cowcatcher of a locomotive, and they need careful management.

Before she had spoken six words I murmured to myself: "Ah, that explains it. You are a German."

"Explains what?" she asked sharply. "You are a German," I repeated.

"Pray go on. I am interested in your remarks."

"Most foreigners take me for French," she said.

I merely smiled and dropped the ashes of my cigar into the upturned eye of my tailor in the tank below, who had had the impertinence to forward me his little account from the city.

"Most foreigners," she repeated.

"Excuse me," said I, "but where are we?"

"In the swimming tank."

"No; at the swimming tank, but in the United States of America."

Just then the band played "Der Wacht am Rhein."

"It's true, all the same," I said as the last strain died away. "We're in America, though I sometimes find it hard to realize it."

Caroline frowned and made a delicious little pucker in her white forehead. (I call her Caroline now. All this was five days ago.)

"The best blood you have is German," she said.

"I think not," I replied. "My grandmother was a Frenchwoman."

"So was mine," she said softly.

The silence was broken only by the barking of a human seal in the tank below—a poor imitation and much more vulgar than the original.

At length Caroline said, "I'm sorry you dislike the Germans."

"I don't. As individuals I have many friends among them, but as a nation"—I blew a light whiff that vanished into thin air.

"You're not very entertaining or very complimentary. Indeed, you're rather rude, and I think I'll go," she said.

She rose and gave her pipe organ plait a preliminary shake.

"Don't go," I said mildly. "I said nothing."

"I agree with you," she answered cheerfully, and sat down again with a satisfied smile.

Now, I confess, that just for a moment I felt foolish. Never a man, never a child and seldom a woman has made me feel foolish—for a moment. I was annoyed, and I fear, showed it, for I gave a little start (I was so surprised at her audacity, you know), and dropped my lighted cigar into the swimming tank. It fell on the bald head of my tailor (Stultzwurzel), and made him swear prodigiously. That was some satisfaction.

"I think we'd better go and take a turn on the beach," said I, rising. "The air seems warm and stuffy here."

"Not at all," she replied, settling back snugly and tapping the toe of a very small tan slipper with the parasol.

"It seems very comfortable here to me. But perhaps you suffer from headache?"

"No," said I; "that's not the trouble. My nose is out of joint."

"Poor Slawkenbergius," she murmured.

Now, this was more extraordinary than anything she had said before. That a young girl brought up among the Germans—that strange people who drink lager beer, love sauerkraut and write

Look Around

see the women who are using line. It's easy to pick them. They're brighter, fresher, more proful than the women who have smelt twice as much time in the rub, rub, of the old way. Why couldn't they be? Washing with Pearline is easy.

And look at the clothes that are washed with Pearline. They're brighter, and fresher, too. They haven't been rubbed to pieces on the washboard. They may be old, but for clothes washed with Pearline

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, if your grocer sends you a sample—send it back.

JAMES PYLE, New York.

volumes on such trifling topics as As-somant Rimes for Hens in the old German epic—that a girl so educated should show acquaintance with a belle lettres writer so essentially non-German as Sterne—this was even more remarkable than her impertinent remark about my having said "nothing."

I was proceeding to light a fresh cigar when she interrupted coolly:

"I don't like smoking, Mr. Legend."

I looked at her in amazement.

"But you are a German," I said.

"Surely all Germans."

"Have you ever been in Germany?" she asked.

Now, here she had me again. No, I have never been in Germany, but I wasn't going to confess it without a struggle, so I evasively replied, "I have been in Sleswick-Holstein."

"That's hardly Germany" (this rather disdainfully).

"I'm glad to hear you confess it," said I. "I've always maintained that Sleswick-Holstein is a piece of Denmark which the Germans stole."

"It's false," she burst out, with flashing eyes. "Ever since the time of Charlemagne Sleswick-Holstein has been—but what's the use of arguing with you? You're a prejudiced American with French blood in your veins, and you'll never appreciate the Germans."

"I think more of them than I did ten minutes ago," said I, gazing at her admiringly. Her color had risen with her excitement and with the heel of that little tan slipper she was vehemently beating the floor.

"Thank you," she said, recovering her good humor. (There's nothing fetches a woman like a compliment.)

"And after all, Mr. Legend, it's a matter of perfect indifference to me what you think about the Germans."

"Quite so," said I. "But I like to get at the truth on any subject I investigate, and as you seem well posted perhaps you'll let me come around this evening and get some more information from you."

"I don't know about that on such short acquaintance," she said. "Nobody's vouched to me for your respectability and one meets all kinds of queer people at the seaside."

I pointed to Mrs. Richbody, who was on the floor just below us, anxiously watching her only boy take a swimming lesson.

"If that lady vouches for me, will you let me come?"

"Of course; I'm staying at her cottage."

"Mrs. Richbody!" called I.

"Yes," replied the anxious mother, with one eye on her darling.

"Am I respectable?"

"What?"

"Am I respectable?"

Little Algernon Richbody gave a yell as he lost his footing in two feet of water and disappeared. His mother screamed also, only louder, and I could get no attention until Algernon had been hauled up from the bottom and carried off howling to his dressing room.

I hate small boys. What they were ever made for I can't imagine. Small girls have some "raison d'être." They may grow up to be pretty women.

Mrs. Richbody came panting up the stairs, and I repeated my question.

"Respectable? Why, yes, as much so as any of my cousins, I suppose," she said.

Caroline turned her head away quickly. I thought she even blushed, but she has such a deuced fine color anyway that I couldn't be positive of this.

"May I come to dinner this evening?" asked I humbly.

Mrs. Richbody glanced at Caroline and smiled. Caroline gazed steadily at the tank below, and I believe Stultzwurzel thought she was smitten with him, for he immediately attempted a double somersault dive and landed flat on his stomach. This idiotic caper splashed the green water all over the new coat he had just made for me, and I vowed I wouldn't pay him for a year.

"You told me yesterday you were going to Oakland this afternoon to attend Mrs. Moneyton's garden party," said my cousin.

"That was yesterday," said I.

"Then my chef is away for a week's holiday, and no dinner that Bridget could cook would be any attraction to you."

"You seem to think it's chiefly the dinner that brings me to your house," said I crossly, for by this time I was aware that Caroline was smiling, and not at the tailor.

"You've often said so yourself, Valentine," replied my cousin in a plaintive tone. "I'm sure whenever you come I always try to have that white soup you like so much. But Bridget can't make it."

"Oh, confound—excuse me—both your dinner," said I, now desperate.

"I can get white soup—such as it is—at the hotel. I want to come to dine with you to—study German."

"Get a grammar," suggested Caroline.

"One can't get the pronunciation from a book," said I. "To catch the true inspiration of that glorious tongue one must have the living teacher."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Richbody doubtfully. "You certainly don't deserve to come, but I'll leave it to Caroline. What do you think, my dear?"

Caroline hesitated. My heart sank to my boots, and I felt the queerest little dryness in my throat. The human seals stopped barking as if by prearrangement, and there came a moment of complete quiet such as sometimes occurs amid the noisiest scene. In the silence I heard Caroline say softly, but very distinctly, "I think we might let him come."

As I said before, that was five days ago. And she now calls me Valentine.

—L. Du Pont Style in Short Stories.

The Dog That Got the Ducks.

A good story is told of hunters from Washington who went to the coast of North Carolina to shoot ducks.

There were six men in the party, and they had three dogs with them. They hunted in couples, each two having a dog. Shooting was good, and from each of the six couples the sound of guns being fired notified their friends of their success, for they were only a short distance apart.

Each couple was somewhat indignant, because whenever a duck fell their own dog failed to get it, one dog seeming to secure almost every one of the wild fowl.

At luncheon time they all came together.

"Well, what luck?" was the general greeting.

"Elegant, but your dog got our ducks," was the universal response.

Then they looked at each other, while from out the little bay glided a skiff loaded with ducks, in the forward end of which sat the dog which had gathered them in.—Washington Star.

Wanted Peace and Quiet.

"You didn't take that middle flat which you liked so well?"

"No."

"Rent too high?"

"Oh, no! I found that the woman up stairs kept some Angora cats and that the man in the lower flat was raising pug dogs."—Chicago Record.

Train Noises.

A method of preventing the noise made by trains when passing over iron bridges has been devised by a German engineer named Boedecker, locality not stated. He puts a decking of 1½ inch planks between the cross girders, resting on three inch timbers laid on the bottom flanges, while on the planks a double layer of felt is placed, fixed to the vertical web of the cross girder. At the connections with the girder a timber cover joint is put on felt, and two hooked bolts connect the whole firmly to the bottom flange. Four inches of slag gravel cover the decking, which is inclined toward the center of the bridge for drainage purposes, and a layer of felt is laid between the planks and the timbers upon which they rest, and the ironwork in contact with decking and ballast is asphalted. The decking weighs 600 pounds per yard for a bridge 11 feet wide and costs 23 cents a square foot.

Fleshmaking Food.

Cream gruel, according to an eminent English authority, is the ideal nourishment for thin folk. A teaspoonful taken at night immediately before retiring is said to give marvelous results. To be at its best it must be perfectly made, then thinned with sweet cream. Taken in that condition and warm it is agreeable as well as fattening, and produces just that sense of satisfied hunger essential to ideal rest. It is claimed that perseverance in the treatment yields such apparent results that the cheeks can be seen to expand from day to day.

More Desirable.

Mrs. Binn—I understand that man in the flat under us is at work on a patent contrivance that will make a fire consume its own smoke.

Mr. Binn—Well, I wish he would turn his attention to some device that would compel him to burn his own fuel. He coal bin adjoins ours.—Yonkers Statesman.

CURIOUS MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

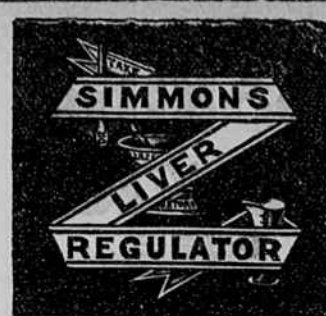
Among Dwarfs of Andaman Island Contracting Parties Climb a Tree.

Some of the customs peculiar to courtship and marriage among the race of dwarfs who inhabit the Andaman island are, according to M. de Quatrefages, who recently published a book called "The Pygmies" about these people, very peculiar. Not the least remarkable of them is the procedure of courtship. The young man who has made his choice addresses himself to the parents, who never refuse, but send the girl into the forest, where, before day, she conceals herself. The young man must find her.

If he does not succeed, he must renounce all claim to her. The wedding ceremony of these people is equally curious. M. Quatrefages thus describes it: "The two parties climb two flexible trees growing near each other, which an old man then makes to bend toward each other. When the head of the man touches the head of the girl, they are legally married."

Turning from Asia to Europe, we find a very curious custom prevailing in Roumania. Among the peasantry of this country, when a girl attains a marriageable age her trousseau, which has in the meanwhile been carefully woven, spun and embroidered by her mother and herself, is placed in a painted wooden box.

When a young man thinks of asking to be allowed to pay his attentions to the girl he is at liberty first to open the box, which is always placed in a convenient position, and examine the trousseau. If he is satisfied with the quantity and quality of the dowry, he makes formal application for the girl's hand, but if not he is quite at liberty to retire.



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SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR. Don't forget to take it. Now is the time you need it most to wake up your Liver. A sluggish Liver brings on Malaria, Fever and Ague, Rheumatism, and many other ills which shatter the constitution and wreck health. Don't forget the word REGULATOR. It is SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR you want. The word REGULATOR distinguishes it from all other remedies. And, besides this, SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR is a Regulator of the Liver, keeps it properly at work, that your system may be kept in good condition.

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J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE FASTEST FEMALE SPRINTER.

A Pretty Vassar College Girl Claims Championship Honors.

Vassar college is proud of her bright, athletic girls, as well she may be. Just now she is making a special pet of Miss Elizabeth Vassar, '98, a niece of the founder of that excellent institution. The cause of this particular elation is found in the fact that Miss Vassar has recently performed an athletic feat which, it is claimed,



MISS ELIZABETH VASSAR.

ed, entitles her to the world's championship for female sprinters, she having made the 100 yard dash in the Vassar oval in 12½ seconds.

Miss Vassar is a tall, graceful, sweet faced girl, and to look at her as she stands with bowed head at chapel exercises one would not imagine that this demure miss was capable of tripping the turf at such a rate, but the work of the strong limbed young woman speaks for itself and reflects great credit upon her training as well as upon her individual efforts.

The young lady is in daily practice and may succeed in lowering the brilliant record she has made.

Cycling and Baseball.

An exchange says some very true things with reference to the alleged rivalry of cycling and baseball. The substance of the article is that there is plenty of room for both of these popular pastimes. "There is no reason," it says, "why the sudden rise in popularity of cycling should injure baseball. The majority of riders are recruited from those who did not play ball. Ball players who have learned to ride will use their wheels to go to and from their ball grounds, and that is about all it will amount to. The wheel will help baseball as much as it hurts it."

CYCLING CHAT.

Cyclists are realizing the fact that scoring doesn't pay.

The New York state circuit will open at Buffalo June 6 and conclude at Manhattan Beach June 27.

A subscription list is in order for a monument to be erected to those magistrates who fine reckless riders.

Racing men are now girding up their loins in anticipation of the racing season, which will soon begin.

The Montreal city council has passed an ordinance requiring all cyclists over 10 years of age to pay a tax of \$2 a year on their wheels.

The latest scheme among St. Paul cyclists is the construction of a pontoon race track for bicycle races at Lake Harriet, which will have four laps to the mile.

A. S. Leo is a New York amateur who has gone to Louisville to train for the coming season. Should he find himself possessed of enough speed, he will turn professional.

The meet of the Parkside Wheel club of Buffalo on May 30 undoubtedly will attract many of the professionals, as very liberal cash prizes are offered. Champion Bald is to compete at this meet.

Wilton Lackaye's Plans.

During his starring tour Wilton Lackaye will introduce a new play by Charles Klein, author of "El Capitán." It is called "Dr. Belgraff," and Lackaye, in the title role, impersonates a scientist who keeps a girl under hypnotic influences to prevent her from betraying the fact that he killed her brother by an accident. Others of his plays are "Captain Bob," "Mollere" and "The Secret of the King."

How Jessie Bartlett Started.

Jessie Bartlett Davis, of whom we have good reason to be proud, as she is undoubtedly our greatest operatic contralto, despises not the days of small things. She tells how, when she was only 4 years old, her father was in the habit of perching her on a music stool and while he pumped a little melody—the best instrument the family could afford—she practiced the lesson he gave her.

No Doubt of It.

"Is your father very rich, Miss Turpinto?"

"Rich? Every inch of barbed wire on our farm is gilded."—Chicago Record.

HE IS A WONDER AT CHESS.

Napier, the Boy Who Checkmates Experts Without Hesitation.

William Ewart Napier, the phenomenal boy chess player of Brooklyn, was born in Portland, Me., in January, 1881. He is, consequently, 15 years old. There never lived, perhaps, a chess player who so early in life rivaled the performances of young Napier. Before he reached the age of 10 he had learned the moves of the game, and by the time he was 13 he had thoroughly mastered the theory of play.

In 1893 he entered the continental correspondence tournament and attracted great attention by the brilliancy of his



WILLIAM E. NAPIER.

methods. A little later in the year he removed to Brooklyn from Maine and made his debut at the simultaneous performances of the Brooklyn club, taking a board at these exhibitions, with the record of winning from Showalter, Helms and Tatum and drawing with Pillsbury, Richardson and Elwell.

At the annual meeting of the New York State Chess association, on Washington's birthday, 1895, Napier tied with four other players for second honors in the general tournament of the association, and in his recent bout with the expert Ruth he won a victory that surprised even his closest friends. His score in the continuous tournament of the Brooklyn club was, at last accounts, ten straight, with no losses.

SOME RING TALK.

Jerry Barnett wants to meet Tommy Dixon.

Dolly Lyons and Maxy Haugh are to fight within a fortnight.

Kid McCoy must surely be getting an inflated head. He wants to box Charley Mitchell 25 rounds.

Dick Moore, formerly of Omaha, has issued a sweeping challenge to meet any 155 pound man anywhere for any amount.

George E. Gill is trying to arrange a 25 round match between Johnny Connors of Springfield, Ill., and any 105 pound man in the country.

The Australian heavyweight fltic championship was decided at Melbourne recently, Mick Dooley defeating Bill Purcell in the second round.

Jack Everhardt and Charley McKeever may be matched shortly. Everhardt wants to fight McKeever, because to defeat him would make him eligible for another match with Kid Lavigne.

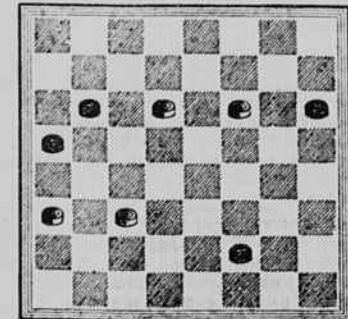
Matt Palmer, brother to Pedlar Palmer, has entered the ring, and is reported to be nearly as clever as the famous bantam champion. When Palmer comes to America next fall, Matt will accompany him.

Tightening a Tire Valve.

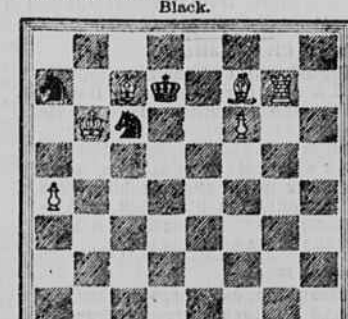
An experienced wheelman says that the valve of a tire should never be tightened too much, and in no case screwed up with a wrench or pliers. The little rubber washer which prevents the escape of the air is very delicate, and while it may possibly make the valve a little more secure for the time being to tighten the cap to its utmost capacity, such procedure will in a brief time ruin the rubber washer, and all the tightening in the world would not prevent its leaking.

CHECKERS AND CHESS.

Checker Problem No. 372.
Black—9, 12, 13, 27.



White—10, 11, 21, 22.
White to play and win.
Chess Problem No. 372.



White.
Checker problem No. 371:
Black.

1. 18 to 24
2. 30 to 24
3. 19 to 23
4. 23 to 26
5. 25 to 31
6. 31 to 26
7. 28 to 22
8. 22 to 17
9. 17 to 18
10. 13 to 6
11. 6 to 1
12. 2 to 6
13. 6 to 9
14. 9 to 14
15. 14 to 18
16. 5 to 9

White.
1. R to Kt
2. B-R
3. R-Kt2
4. R dis ch and mate

Black.
1. P to Q6
2. P-K3
3. K moves

White.
1. P to K8
2. P-Q6
3. K moves

Black.
1. P to K8
2. P-Q6
3. K moves



When a little one is expected in the family how lovingly the parents plan together for its future welfare. They sometimes even forecast its education and career. Does this seem too early to anticipate while the child is yet unborn? It isn't. The child's destiny has already been partly mapped out by Nature according to the disposition and habits of the parents. The best plan a mother can make for the future happiness of her unborn child is to maintain her own cheerfulness and health while her child is undeveloped, being still a part of hers. Her health at this critical period is of tremendous consequence to the little one's whole future existence. Every prospective mother will find direct nourishment, comfort and sustaining strength, in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It will maintain her vitality both bodily and mental; shorten the period of confinement and make labor easy and almost painless. It imparts strength and elasticity to the organs concerned in parturition, invests the mother with recuperative energy against any after period of weakness and depression, and aids in the secretion of healthy nourishment for the child. It is the unfailing cure of all "female weaknesses."

Dear Doctor—Your "Favorite Prescription," is the best medicine to take before confinement that can be found. It proved so with me, I never suffered so little with any of my children as I did with my last, and she is the healthiest I have. When I began your treatment I could not stand on my feet long enough to wash my dishes without suffering almost death; now I do all my housework, washing, cooking, sewing, and everything for my family.

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